BOOTH'S SON WELL FITTED TO CARRY ON SALVATION ARMY WORK

Pen-Sketch of Man Who Falls Heir to Splendid Leadership

In view of the change in the leadership of the Salvation Army, special interest attaches to the following pen-sketch of Bramwell Booth, the new general, and to the appreciative personal article on General Booth, the founder of the army. The latter is written by one whose friendship with the general extends over many years.

LONDON, The man who has now taken the forefront place in that vast movement known as the Salvation Army has proved himself for years a master in organization. That the strongest impression gained of Bramwell Booth as chief executive of the army should have been of his orginizing power is an indication of the reserve and diffidence which characterize the man.

Without personal ambition but with a burning zeal for his cause he has known how to still the enthusiasm which, with his power of oratory, would have placed him on public platform and given him that place in the minds and hearts of the Salvationists second only to that of the founder of the movement, for Bramwell Booth proved at the beginning of his career in the active ranks of the army that he was possessed of a fervor as ardent as that which inspired his father and mother.

To his mother, indeed, he owed much, and it is of the wonderful charm and sweetness of her voice and of her extraordinary gift of oratory that one is forcibly reminded when, his imperturbable quiet broken Bramwell Booth speaks with that persuasiveness and sincerity, and that conviction, which explain those audiences of "men and women of refinement" which were drawn to the hall in Whitechapel in the days of the Friday evening meetings.

His appeal is as strong to the poor and outcast, to those to whom the army specially ministers. As voluntary preacher and teacher in Mile End and Bethnal Green he won the confidence and love of the people, and it was he who organized the special Salvation Army corps of children which of all the army's battalions was the most cheerful and successful.

The genuis of Bramwell Booth has lain in thoroughness and humility. He had the grace of his parent's lifetime to be as one who serves. He filled every position in the army, refusing none, and in every position he was thorough, until from self-instituted servant of all he had become an expert in every branch. One who knew him well described him accurately when he said of him that he possessed the qualities of a front-rank statesman, a supreme judge, a gentleman and a true Christian.

Man Who Made Salvation Army Great.

LONDON—General Booth was a great man. What is equally remarkable, he was married to a great woman. It is therefore perhaps not wonderful, though it may be unusual, that in the present general of the Salvation Army there should have risen up a man capable of carrying on its traditions and enlarging the sphere of its energies in the way contemplated by his parents.

When General Booth first attempted the organization of the movement he was attracted by a field which had practically been abandoned by the church as hopeless. The submerged tenth seemed to have hunk to a moral and mental level from which it was impossible that it should ever rise to the surface again, except as scum.

William Booth saw and believed the fact, so often quoted but so little acted upon, that there is gold in every human character. The ordinary man admits this but usually adds, with an intonation which is not to be mistaken, if you can find it. The founder of the Salvation movement believed that it was to be found but he recognized that it was no use appealing to this side of human nature along the lines which the orthodox churches regarded as respectable. He had the courage to strike a new line for himself, and as every other pioneer, he met the full volume of orthodox antagonism and conservative resentment.

War Cries Offended.

The early War Cries were not calculated to appeal to the country vicar, with his traditions of White of Selborne, or of his great scholars who gravitated from the universities to the deaneries in the stately cathedral closes. Nor were they much more likely to appeal to the evangelist of the Nonconformist sects, animated by a liberalism more rightly conservative, in its own way, than that of the church. Readers who learned how a certain laboring man went out, one Sunday morning, into his garden, to cut a cabbage and found God, were contemptuous of such methods of propaganda, whilst the crude confessions of the penitent form, made them shudder almost as violently as the substitution of the tambourine and the trombone for the harmonium and the organ.

General Booth knew human nature in the form of the human flotsam and jetsam of the great cities, better, perhaps, than all the incumbents from John O'Groats of Lands End. In his native Cornwall, he had met the descendant of those Puritan miners, whose sympathies the famous vicar of Morwenstow echoes in the redoubtable ballad of "Trelawney."

He Knew Human Nature.

Later on, in the slums of London, he came upon human nature in every form of debasement, and he brought the conviction of the Cornish evangelist to bear on the sodden consciousness of humanity's failures, and there arose from the crucible the red-jerseyed, blue-coated soldiers, commanded by the "Major Barbaras" of both sexes.

Yet, in spite of his genius for inspiring the downcast and the downtrodden, it is doubtful if General Booth would have succeeded in his great mission if it had not been for his wife. To her magnificent courage and devotion, to her extraordinary love and capacity for diffusing it, the army owed no little part of its success. And there was a depth of meaning, easily understood by every one who ever met her, though perhaps not so evident to the casual reader, in the words in which the new general declared that he accepted the command of the army all the more readily because, when the envelope was broken, he learned, for the first time, that the appointment had been made during the lifetime of his mother.

When I first knew General Booth, the army, though very far from its earliest days, was yet in those early days of growth when it was fashionabel to sneer at it and to jeer at its leaders. Neither General Booth nor Mrs. Booth troubled about such things. They had not time, and they certainly had not the inclination.

Criticism Ignored.

Whilst their critics had no better solution of the problem of the submerged tenth than criticism of those who were endeavoring to do something, they were working day and night to achieve what had been deemed the impossible. Even then, thousands upon thousands of people had been rescued from the gutter. But the Salvation meeting was stil, to many of us, simply an interesting experience, like a night in "Cogers" Hall, or morning in Covent Garden Market.

I remember in those early days, sitting beside Mrs. Booth, on the platform, at Exeter Hall, whilst the general was addressing the dense crowd of the army below. There fas nothing fashionable in the attendance of a meeting in those days. Slumming, indeed, had just gone out of fashion, and the army was still anathema to culture To a person like myself, who cared nothing for religion, and to whom the army was only a social experiment the occasion was full of interest.

That day, speaking to thousands who, only a few weeks, months, or years, before had been outcasts in the towns or on the countryside, the general suddenly gave the order that they should hoist their colors, and in a few minutes, some thousands of white handkerchiefs were fluttering from the hands of those present.

"Yes!" he said, dryly, as he saw the action, "but a year or so ago you had not a handkerchief between the lot of you." The Salvationists answer was a great roar of approved satisfaction.

Acquaintance Renewed.

Many years after those days I met him again on the deck of an Atlantic liner. He was on one of his great missions of propaganda, preaching the holy war like some Peter the Hermit, but with much greater wisdom ,and for a much more valuable purpose. The weather was not good, and the general was not a particularly good sailor. Most of the time he spent in his cabin, but towards the end of the voyage, he spoke, in the saloon of the steamship.

His words were less crude than on the day in Exeter hall, but he was speaking, not to the costermonger and the char-woman, but to an audience, and an appreciative audience of more cultivated people.

Once more after that I met him and talked to him in the headquarters of the Salvation Army. He had the same kind and gentle manner as before, and in his long blue military frock coat and carpet slippers, his white beard, rather tangled, and his face furrowed he was a picturesque figure enough.

In any case, he was one of that great loyal-hearted body of people who do their best according to their own lights, and who are distinguished from their neighbors in this, that they do this best incessantly ,and not by fits and starts, that they do it no matter not only when it is easy; that they do it because they must and not because they can. He certainly was one of those who might say, "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air."

After Two Thousand Years "The Light Hiders" Are Still With Us!

"Hide not your light under a bushel," the positive admonition of the Wisest Teacher, applies as certainly to the practical affairs of life today as to the spiritual life of the first century.

The man or woman who is exceptionally well fitted to do some particular kind of work *SHOULD FIND THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO THAT WORK—TO USE THAT TALENT*—and it happens, as things are now constituted, that the chance to "make your light shine before men" comes through a wise and timely use of the classified ads. The employer to whom your talent would be worth most must be told who you are, and what you can do, and how to find you. Whether your talent is great or small—someone needs you. If you are able to do useful work in the world, the work awaits your hand. But it will not often come to you unsought. You must tell what you can do—little matter whether it is menial or highly skilled work—in order to find your best niche of service. Browning, a wise man of a later day, said: "All service ranks the same—there is no last or first."

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